

## SMOKING OF OPIUM.

THE SENSATIONS OF A "FIEND" AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

White Smokers "Hitting the Pipe" in the Seclusion of Their Bed-Rooms—Nervous Take No Warning from the Fate of Others.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

There are no less than 3,000 white opium smokers in San Francisco to-day, remarked a well-informed police officer to a reporter recently. "In that number," he continued, "are included men and women from 40 years of age down to boys and girls of 14 years. The terrible vice is on the increase, and it is never will be checked until a law is enacted making it a felony to sell opium to white persons for smoking purposes."

"It was generally supposed," said the reporter, "that a term in the county jail had the desired effect."

"It had the effect of stopping those people from smoking in Chinatown, and a good many of the opium joints were closed up. But the fiends began to get their own pipes, bowls and lay-out, and now four-fifths of the white smokers 'hit the pipe' in the seclusion of their bed-rooms, so that every night, and in nearly every town-down lodging-house, no matter how quiet it may seem to be, or how well kept it is, some one or more of the rooms contain one or more opium-smokers, and secretly and noiselessly they while away the hours until long after midnight in that seductive way. It's now 12:30 o'clock," continued the officer, "and just to show you that I am not exaggerating, we will take a look in the rooms of the top-story of the L. house."

Together the officer and reporter made their way to the house mentioned. Gaining the top floor, the policeman knocked upon one door after another and to each room was ceremoniously admitted. In the first room the two occupants, a man and woman, had finished their smoke and retired for the night. The fumes of the consumed drug were still apparent, however. In the second room, outstretched on the floor, with a large quilt over them, were two young "fiends," who had "just dropped off to see if Jack and the boys were in." They were only going to smoke two "pills" apiece and then quit.

"That's always the way," remarked the officer. "I never saw one of them opium smokers yet who had not either stopped smoking altogether, or was going to stop. Some of them tell me that they have ordered medicine from the east to cure them. It's always 'on the way out,' but somehow it never gets him and of course they can't stop smoking until it does."

The next day the reporter was introduced to an opium "fiend" and in the course of a few moments the conversation turned to the thing most dear to his heart—opium.

"I don't deny I am an opium smoker," he said, "for several reasons, the main one being that my looks, the color of my skin and my wasted form would tell any observer different. It's a terrible thing, and in the course of a few years will kill me, but as I haven't got anything particular to live for, alone in the world and like to enjoy myself, I don't know but what I'm doing just what most of the world is doing, or trying to do—enjoy myself."

"A wonderful satisfaction is to be able to sit alongside of a bamboo pipe, have somebody 'cook you 'dope,' smoke your fill of the drug, and know that you are free from the desire to gain a name for yourself in this world, and that you couldn't get rich if you tried, 'so there is no use in trying.' But it's ruin to the man or woman who once gets the 'habit.' Don't know what the 'habit' is. Well, I'll tell you: It is a craving to smoke opium. It's worse than a good deal than the whiskey habit. When the feeling comes upon you, you've got to smoke; when that feeling comes upon you for the first time, you know then you are a 'fiend'; you might just as well give up all hopes of ever amounting to anything, for they will only make your life miserable, and at last die out, only to haunt you, now and then when you get the blues, and curse the day you ever put a pipe to your mouth."

"What is the 'habit' like? Well, I couldn't exactly tell you, for it comes upon a people in different ways. I got it twice, and sometimes three times a day. When it comes upon me the perspiration stands out on my face and forehead in great big drops. If I do not obey the summons of my master my bones begin to ache, until at last I am forced to go. I drag myself along in a 'joint' I generally go to, and in twenty minutes I am at peace with myself and the world again. A half-dozen 'pills' have cured my 'habit,' and a half-dozen more have charged my system full enough to last me six hours. At the end of that time I am summoned again, the same performance is gone through, the same enjoyment and satisfaction are experienced, and here I am, an opium smoker, a person who lives for nothing else in God's world but to smoke opium. Would you believe it? Well, it's the case with just 1,000 men in this town no older than myself, and I ain't 28 yet."

"How is it that the novice doesn't take warning from the veteran smokers?"

"It makes very little difference to them. They go to smoking with their eyes open. At first they do it because they imagine they must be able to smoke before they can be one of the boys; then they do it for nothing else but to while away the long hours which hang so heavily on their hands. In about six months they have a 'habit,' the drug is necessary to their life, and thereafter they are marked as 'fiends.' In three years they are a more shadow at their former selves; in five years they are a walking skeleton, and in from eight to ten years they are a dead skeleton. Some of these unfortunate fellows possess sufficient will power to break off the habit before it is too late, but such is so seldom the case that I cannot recall to mind any just now."

The older an opium pipe is the higher is its market value, which ranges from \$5 to \$50. The longer a bamboo has been used about a joint, no matter whether Chinese or white, the more it is prized, and a smoker would steal one as quickly as he would drink a cocktail, providing it was a strictly safe "trick" to "turn," as they term it, for all places the opium smoker goes dread and fear it is a term in the county jail or state prison. Once in the cells of either penal institution he not only has good-bye to his liberty, but the supply of his opium is cut off; and if it is not entirely cut off, its passage from the hands of his friend and on the outside to himself on the inside is so hazardous that the mental worry caused by thoughts that it will be confiscated is equal to enduring the tortures of the "habit."

Such a state of affairs existing, has put the fiends to working their brains and dividing ways and means to get "dope," and divers schemes are daily used to procure the watchful jailer and turnkey. The opium is first cooked and made into pills by friends of the incarcerated. The product is then sent either artistically imbedded in the

center of cigarettes, which are put into the paper cover they were originally taken from, or the stuff is put into a cake pipe, or some other solid edible, all of which, after a superficial examination, pass on to the person they are intended for. A white generally smokes from 75 cents to \$1.50 worth during the twenty-four hours, seven hours of which are actually spent lying down, kicking on a filthy pipe.

## THE BANK FAILURE.

(Flora Beecher in Tid-Bits.)

"An' so you've sold your farm, Belindy?"

"Yes, an' I must say I'm glad of it. A lone woman ain't got no business a-tryin' to farm no way. Though I must say I've made out pretty well, this year. I cleared \$600 on the wheat, over and above payin' for the harvestin', thrashin' an' the like. An' I've sold the hay, clover an' timothy mixed, for about \$300 more. But it's awful wearin' on a woman, a-tendin' to things an' watchin' the hands that don't shirk nor nothin'. As I was a-sayin' a lone woman ain't got no business with a farm. 'Twas different before Aaron died, an' Mrs. Belinda Blossom gave a regretful sigh to the dead and gone Aaron."

"You needn't be a lone woman no longer, you want to, Belindy," quietly observed her sister, Mrs. Jennima Hatch. "There's Deacon Gibbs now, would give his eyes to—"

"Don't say Deacon Gibbs to me," retorted the widow. "Don't I know what he's after? Don't he know as well as I do, that I've got \$500 out away safe an' snug, all the Bluegrass bank? I haven't a doubt he'd like to get the handle of it, but he never will, I kin tell him that."

"Sho, now, Belindy," remonstrated Mrs. Hatch. "What's the use of makin' the poor man out wuss'n he is? I don't know as he's any likelier to be after the money than Lawyer Greene."

"Lawyer Greene's got money himself, an' it stands to reason 'taint no such an object to him. Besides I ain't said."

"Oh, no, you hadn't said, I know, but a body kin put two and two together, I reckon. Well, all I've got to say, I'd rather have Deacon Gibbs any day, if 'twas me, than that smooth-spoken, they lookin' lawyer. But I must be a-gittin' home; Bijah'll want his supper, time it's ready," and Mrs. Hatch rolled up her knitting, wrapped it carefully in a cloth and put on her black sun-bonnet and her blue yarn "half-hands."

"You might have stayed to supper, Jennima," said the widow, reproachfully. "I was goin' to have cream cookies and some of them Lawton blackberry preserves you're so fond of."

"Wal, I'd like mighty well to stay Belinda, but Bijah he'll be a-lookin' fur me to hev supper ready when he comes in from the field. He's allus as hungry as a beaver at night, an' I ain't left nothin' cooked so he could get himself a bite. I reckon I better go. You goin' to Miss Larcom's quilting next week?"

"Oh, I s'pose so. Miss Larcom would get miffed if I didn't," and after another five or ten minutes of conversation Mrs. Hatch got started for home.

Mrs. Belinda Blossom was a typical widow; fair, fat, and not quite 40, and was known as the best housekeeper in and around the neighborhood where she lived. With even less personal attractions and good qualities than she possessed, she might have exchanged her widow's weeds for bridal attire long ago, had she so desired. However, for some reason best known to herself, she had preferred to remain a "lone woman," as she called it, so far. Whether she would remain so much longer was a question which puzzled herself quite as much as it did some other parties.

It was the day of Miss Larcom's quilting, and the supper was almost ready. The quilt was already out, and by a little preconcerted manoeuvre on the part of the fun-loving girls, it had been thrown over the widow's head, when taken out of the frame—a piece of mischief which afforded no little amusement, as "accident" to Deacon Gibbs," whispered Mahala Williams to Dorcas Lamb. "He looks like a hen on a hot griddle, while Lawyer Greene is a-courtin' the widow."

Dorcas giggled out loud, whereupon the deacon grew red in the face, as if aware that he was the object of their mirth.

"Wal, I reckon I'll be a-goin'," Miss Larcom, he announced, approaching the hostess a short time later. "I only just dropped in to see how you was all a-gittin' along."

"Oh, you must stay to supper, deacon, it's a most ready now, an' I can't let you go before that," declared the hostess, determinedly. But the deacon was equally determined, and go he did.

"Deacon Gibbs! Deacon Gibbs! stop a minute, I want to speak to you," cried Mrs. Hatch, rushing out to the porch where he stood, looking a little bewildered at the unexpected summons.

"I want to ask you to come over the day after to-morrow—Thanksgiving Day, you know—and eat dinner with us. Now don't say no—that won't be anybody there but Belindy and our own folks. Say you'll come!"

"Wal, I dunno, Miss Hatch," said the deacon uneasily. "I thank you kindly fur the invite, but I've been a-feelin' ind of blue for a good spell now, and I don't know as I'd be fittin' comp'ny to go an' eat Thanksgiving dinners with folks when I'm blue."

"Sho! that's all nonsense, deacon. You must come now, an' I shall be a-lookin' fur you." And good-hearted little Mrs. Hatch ran back into the house before Deacon Gibbs could make any further protest.

If Mrs. Blossom noticed the deacon's departure, she betrayed no consciousness of the fact, but deliberately continued her flirtation with the lawyer.

Supper, the great event of the day, was ready at last, and the guests were doing ample justice to the plentiful array of viands set before them. Polled ham, chicken potpie, mashed potatoes and turnips, hot slaw, apple sauce, squash pie, custard pie, jelly-cake, cookies and doughnuts, all were placed on the table together, and the guests invited to help themselves, which they did with a will.

The meal was well under way, and conversation had flagged considerably, for with hungry people eating and talking are not to be carried on together, when an arrival came, in the person of Hiram Prim, the storekeeper's clerk.

Hiram was soon seated at the table, helping himself right and left to the still abundant substantial and luxuries on the board.

"Heard the news?" he asked, looking around after partaking of a few mouthfuls. "Hain't? Wal, the Bluegrass bank has busted—smashed clean up. Creditors won't get 5 cents on the dollar."

Exclamations of surprise greeted the unexpected tidings from the widow.

The widow Blossom turned pale, and gazed wildly at the speaker.

Lawyer Greene also changed countenance as he glanced furtively at Mrs. Blossom's face.

"Is that really so, Hiram," he asked anxiously.

"It's really so," declared Hiram. "It'll be in the papers to-morrow morning."

"Why, Lawyer Greene, you hain't got money there, hev you?"

"Oh, certainly not. My funds are secured on real estate. I don't trust to banks," responded the lawyer, complacently.

"Wal, I'm thankful to say my money ain't there, either," said Hiram, gravely, thereby causing a general laugh, as it was a well known fact that Hiram spent his wages as fast as he earned them.

No one noticed the widow's changed demeanor, though she still looked pale, and declined a second piece of squash pie.

But Lawyer Greene seemed suddenly to have changed his tactics, and was now evidently bent on getting up a flirtation with Mahala Williams.

The widow's money affairs were not generally known among her acquaintances, consequently she escaped their condolences. Jennima Hatch, though, did manage to whisper a few words of sympathy in her ear.

"Don't worry about it, Belindy," she urged; "I'll come over an' see you to-morrow, an' we'll talk it over." But Mrs. Blossom did not recover her spirits.

Lawyer Greene did not appear to notice when the widow rose to leave, compelling her to accept the protection of half-grown Tom Larcom much to the surprise of all who noticed the circumstance.

"He was awful sweet on the widow at first," they whispered. "She must give him the mitten," and the next day it was currently reported that Lawyer Greene had proposed to the Widow Blossom and been rejected. So much for the truth of what "they say."

Jennima paid the promised visit bright and early the next morning. She found her sister looking pale and dejected.

"How bad is it, Belindy?" she asked. "Did you put all your money in the bank?"

"All—every cent of it," groaned the widow. "Wal, it is too bad, but never mind; you don't have to give up the house right away, do you?"

"No; not till March."

"So much the better, then; though, of course, you could have had a home with us, right away. But there's your cows an' chickens, an' such thing; they'll bring a better price after you've wintered 'em, an' you can sell 'em in the spring, and there'll be so much gained."

After considerable more conversation on the subject, the widow seemed to brighten up a little, and her sister prepared to take her leave.

"Now you'll be sure to come up and eat a Thanksgiving dinner with us to-morrow, won't you, Belindy?" she urged, and Belinda promised.

Jennima's footsteps had died away, and the widow was still sitting, forlorn and despondent, when her reverie was disturbed again.

"Morning, Miss—Miss Blossom," said a hesitating voice, and there stood Deacon Gibbs, nervously twisting his hat in his hands.

The widow placed a chair for her visitor, who sat down, looking more nervous and embarrassed than ever.

"I—I've just heard," he began, "that you—that the Bluegrass bank has busted, an' you've lost all your money, and—ah—oh, Belindy, won't you have me? Say you will, an' you shan't want fur nothin'! I know I ain't rich, but my farm is a good one, an' I've got it all in mortgage and pastured now, an' kin raise right smart 'o' stock, an' you shouldn't never know you'd lost a cent. Will you, Miss Bloss—Belindy?"

And this was the man she suspected of wanting her money! The widow hid her face in her hands, and cried.

Mrs. Jennima was in her element, cooking the Thanksgiving dinner, next day. But in the pauses, between basting the turkey and turning the pumpkin pie, she made frequent trips to the door, shading her eyes with her hand and gazing far down the winding country road.

"I wonder if nary one of 'em ain't a-comin', after all," she muttered more than once in tones of vexation.

The turkey was roasted at last, the pies were done, and the table set, when, on looking down the road again, she was rewarded by a discovery.

"That's the deacon's shay, now," she cried, "an' Belindy no here. Dear me, I wonder if she ain't a-comin' at all! I've a notion to send Bijah over to see."

Then she took another look.

"There's somebody with him—why, if it ain't Belindy herself! I'm so glad. They'll make a match yet, I just do believe," and she ran to open the front door.

"Come in, Belindy! Deacon, walk right in. So you did conclude to come, after all." The deacon smiled complacently.

"Wal, yes, you see I ain't so blue as I was, Miss Hatch. An' then I've got somethin' to be thankful fur, now. We'd of got here sooner, only we've been to a wedding!"

"A wedding?" Mrs. Hatch opened her eyes in wonder. "Whose was it? He deacon's?"

"Our own, to be sure," smiled the deacon, with a loving glance at Belinda.

"Delays is dangerous, you know. So we just drove around to the parson's an' had the preacher jine us right off. An' now, your Thanksgiving is turned into a wedding dinner, Jennima."

Mrs. Hatch was as much pleased as surprised, and her roast turkey and pumpkin pies with the other concomitants of a Thanksgiving dinner, answered quite as well for a wedding feast.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

KITCHEN ECONOMICS AND THE WASTES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Knights of the White Cross—A Lightning Kiss—Matrimonial Matters and Hints for the Cuisine—Numerous Decorative "Don'ts."

(By the Author of "Don'ts.")

Don't forget this elementary principle, that a room must not consist of unrelated colors and objects, but possess a harmonious unity in its plan of furnishing and decoration.

Don't put high colors on your walls or in your carpets or tapestry, and very little of it anywhere else. Wall papers must be quiet in tone if you desire to produce a pleasant effect. Pictures can not look well if hung against loud patterns or positive colors; your bric-a-brac is sure to be ineffective and tasteless if its designs are confused with the designs and colors against which it is placed.

Don't fresco walls or ceiling. Fresco painting is very well for large halls or grand saloons, but the effect is not good for domestic rooms. Color on the walls in this way is sure to be in conflict with whatever color may be brought in, whether in pictures, furniture, hangings or decorative objects.

Don't select carpets with gay tints or pronounced designs. It is impossible for furniture to appear to good advantage set upon floor patterns, clamorous, so to speak to be seen. Carpets and wall colors should be as foils for color and ornament, rather than color and ornament in themselves. It is impossible to furnish a room agreeably unless this principle is kept in mind.

Don't have white marble-topped tables or marble mantles in your rooms, for objects of this kind are enough to chill the heart of a bronze statue. White walls in a room are equally chilling. It is impossible to do anything with them. Cold and unrelenting surfaces they will remain, plan as one may. A touch of gray or brown in the tint is a great help, but white is absolutely fatal to decorative effect.

Don't be persuaded into varnished floors and rugs instead of carpets. Floors treated in this manner are a serious nuisance. Every footfall mars them and it costs more to keep them in good order than to pay for carpets at the outset. If, however, these are repeatedly oiled and varnished, and ceaseless pains taken to keep them in good condition, the effect is very pleasing. Articles of furniture stand out against the dark varnish in rich and artistic contrast.

Don't be induced to lay upon your floors Turkish or Persian rugs. The figures and colors of these are considered very artistic, but the fact is, they usurp the attention altogether too much, and it is difficult to get them in harmony with walls or furniture.

A rug made from well-selected Brussels or Saxony is most satisfactory. A rug of this kind, with a queer contrivance and a broad border, in which a little color is introduced, and made so as to leave about two feet of stained floor space around it, gives much the effect of rug furnishing, without the annoyances that pertain to floors with large spaces uncovered.

Don't put elaborate brass grates in your rooms unless you intend to use them. A showy brass grate, unstained by smoke or ashes, suggests in all its glittering newness a room, and not a home. A fire-place not consecrated to a fire, that has neither warmth nor suggestion of warmth, is a dreadful sham. It is not artistic; it is not decorative; it kills, rather than gives, pleasure.

Don't hang upon your walls huge black engravings set in vast spaces of white margin. Pictures of this sort are very depressing. Instead of white margins substitute a gray paper, and if you must have black prints select those that have a good deal of gray in them—pictures with tone and a million effects. Engravings commonly have more softness and artistic effect than engravings.

Don't hang chromos on your walls, or colored prints; don't display long lines of family photographs; don't hang mosses or colored leaves or dried grasses about.

Don't have fancy devices for picture frames. Picture frames should be of gilt or oak or walnut, never of velvet, never of ornamental leather work, never of shells or burrs, or anything fantastic. Whatever the material, let ornament be sparingly used. Picture frames should set off the picture and not set off themselves.

Don't crowd your rooms with too many objects. It is not good taste to transfer a museum or bric-a-brac dealer's collection to your apartments. A few articles, selected with judgment, and with their relation to the color scheme of the room in view, give a sense of beauty and repose such as we should seek to obtain in our homes.

Don't on the other hand, let your rooms be too bald and empty. Portieres and window hangings do much towards relieving bareness. Some bric-a-brac is very desirable, and a few pictures are important. The art is to have one's room filled but not packed.

Don't paint pictures or ornamental designs on your door panels. Unless door panels treated in this way are kept very quiet the effect is loud and disturbing.

Don't select high colors for your furniture covering. Blue or pink satin may do for a lady's boudoir where the whole scheme of treatment is light and delicate, but in a drawing-room for general use it is out of place.

## Knights of the White Cross.

(Demorest's Monthly.)

Many communications have been received by this magazine respecting the aims and objects of the "White Cross Army," of which mention has been made in these pages. A number of meetings have been held in New York and elsewhere to promote the objects of this organization generally, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian association. The following is the pledge that all who join this admirable organization are asked to sign:

"I promise, by the help of God, to treat all women with respect and to endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation; to endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests; to maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women; to endeavor to spread their principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers; to use every possible means to fulfill the command, 'Keep thyself pure.'"

In view of the interest that so many of our readers have expressed in this matter, we quote the following remarks made at the meeting organizing the order held in New York at the hall of the Y. M. C. A. in March last:

"Rev. Dr. B. F. De Costa said that the army was a revival of the old knights of chivalry, as some one had said, 'without the killing business.' If a woman sins, said the speaker, you know what becomes of her, is

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25 cts. for 3 lb Cans Lima Beans.

25 cts. for 3 lb Cans String Beans.

25 cts. for 3 lb Cans Marrowfat Peas.

25 cts. for 3 lb Cans Best Red Cherries.

10 cts. for 1 lb Can Best Pineapple.

20 cts. for 1 lb Can California Apricots in Heavy Syrup, worth 30 cts.

12 1/2 cts. for 12 lb Can Best Egg Plums.

15 cts. for 12 lb Can Best Green Gages.

15 cts. for 1 lb Baking Powder.

17 cts. for 1 lb Golden Rio Coffee.

40 cts. for 1 lb New Orleans Molasses.

1 counted five fairly good-looking and three beautiful women. Exquisite dress was impotent to disguise the prevailing ugliness. The pretty passions and muck-rake cars of Zola's bourgeois were stamped on the majority of the faces. There never was a Gretchen in France, and much attention has been always paid to candle-end and chess-parings by the middle classes.

Care of Babies.

(Cor. Boston Globe.)

A good doctor once said, "Give them plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel." But the cuticle, or scarf skin, is sometimes so delicate that flannel is very irritating, and the old-fashioned method of making the little ones comfortable in linen shirts and cotton night-gowns is in most cases inadvisable. Whatever may be the thought of woman as a physician, certainly every girl who intends to marry ought to be acquainted with the wants of her own organism, and the delicate properties of food. For every woman after receiving the crown of motherhood thinks, in the language of Shakespeare, that "since the birth of Cain, the first man child, there never was such a wondrous creature born."

And she puts herself in the greatest distress if her baby sickens and dies for want of proper nourishment. We have known mothers who starved their babies on arrow-root, and others who went to the opposite extreme and fed them on Molli's food, till they looked like Berkshire pigs.

A Lightning Kiss.

(Clara Belle's Letter.)

Girls wholly devoted to self improvement are not to be frightened out of novel experiments, and many of those brunettes whose upper lip is adorned—dare I say disfigured—by incipient mustaches are submitting to a process by which the hair is permanently removed; at least, the operator promises that their faces shall be unruined growth. A needle, attached to a battery, is gently stuck into the root of each individual hair, an electric current is turned on, and the thing is gone forever. The process is slow, costly and rather painful. My friend—call her Dolphine—endured it like a heroine.

That evening she came home with a smooth but slightly swollen upper lip. When she met her sentimental Tom in the dim hallway at eight o'clock for the regular Thursday night session, she knew very well that he would feel a difference right away.

"Tom, darling," she whispered, "kiss me gently this time, please."

"Is there a paternal presence in the parlor?" he murmured, as he put his arms just the half way round her waist that she permitted.

"No, Tom, but—"

"It shall be smackerless."

"No smacker, indeed!"

There was an explosion!

Simultaneously, a flash like lightning illuminated the hallway. The family came rushing in. What had happened? Why, Dolphine's lip, surcharged with electricity from the hair-eliminating needle, had come into contact with Tom's mouth, and the result was like the sudden discharge of a thunder cloud's contents, with a big pop and a blinding flare. Fact, I assure you.

How to Make a Barrel Hammock.

(Good Cheer.)

The season for hammocks will soon be here, and I will tell you how to make a comfortable, inexpensive one. Bring your old flour barrel from the cellar or storeroom, knock it to pieces, clean and paint the staves.

Secure a rope four times in length of the place where it is to be suspended, and in size a little larger than a clothes line. Now halve the rope, double each piece in the middle, and commencing two yards or so from the end, weave it over and under each stave about three inches from the end of each stave, which will bring the rope crossed between each; do both sides the same and your hammock is complete. One end of the rope should be fastened up higher than the other. At first this may not seem firm, but where there is any weight on it, the rope becomes "taut," as the sailors say, consequently there will be no openings.

Three Kinds of Toothaches.

(Popular Science News.)

For ordinary nervous toothache, which is caused by the nervous system being out of order or by excessive fatigue, a very hot bath will soothe the nerves that sleep will naturally follow, and, upon getting up, the patient will feel very much refreshed, and the toothache will be a thing of the past.

For what is known as "jumping" toothache, hot, dry flannel applied to the face and neck is very effective. For common toothache, which is caused by indigestion, or by strong, sweet acid or anything very hot or cold in a decayed tooth, a little piece of cotton steeped in strong camphor or oil of cloves is the best remedy.

Good Cough Syrup.